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LAWMAN

PETER
BROWN

JOHN
RUSSELL

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RIFLE OF REVENGE



An old-time lawman, Marshal Clay Jessop, about to retire from active duty, pays a visit to Laramie, Wyoming.



Word reaches Dan Troop that Clay's life is in danger, and it is up to Dan to save the famous marshal from an unknown killer.

THE NEW TENANTS



The welcome that Dan and Johnny receive as they check on new tenants in a long-empty ranch house is anything but friendly.



But when strangers threaten the new-comer's family, he is only too glad to have the lawmen fighting on his side.

LAWMAN RIFLE OF REVENGE

THE HOT, SWELTERING DAY IN LARAMIE,
A LONG RIDER THUNDERS INTO TOWN...

SURE IS A HOT DAY
TO BE RIDIN'...THAT
FELLA MUST BE
IN A HURRY!

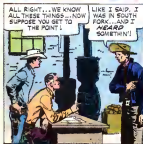
WHERE'S THE
MARSHAL'S
OFFICE?

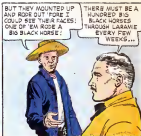
JUST TURN YOUR
HEAD AROUND, SONNY
...YOU'LL SEE IT RIGHT
ACROSS
THE
STREET!

WHICH ONE OF YOU
IS THE MARSHAL
OF THIS TOWN?

THAT'S ME...DAN TROOP!
THIS IS MY DEPUTY,
JOHNNY MCGRAY!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice of change to 320 West 40th Street, New York 20, N.Y.
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address including ZIP code and old service date.







HE SAYS IN HIS WIRE THAT HE'S QUITE CONFIDENT THE LAW IN LARAMIE IS CAPABLE OF PROTECTING HIM...AND HE'S LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS VISIT HERE IN TWO DAYS...

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW, MR. TROOP?



SIMPLE, JOHNNY...WE LOOK FOR A STRANGER ON A BLACK HORSE...AND WE HAVE TWO DAYS TO FIND HIM!



THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE SEARCH BEGINS...

I'VE SEEN FIVE STRANGERS ON BLACK HORSES IN THE LAST HOUR...



AND IN THE HOTEL...

I WANT A LIST OF NAMES... EVERY OCCUPANT OF THIS HOTEL...



THE FIRST DAY PASSES...

I'M NO CLOSER TO AN ANSWER THAN I WAS THIS MORNING, MR. TROOP...

AFRAID I CAN'T HELP MUCH EITHER, JOHNNY...AS OF RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE TO MAKE SOME DRASTIC CHANGES! WE'RE GOING TO CONFISCATE ALL GUNS IN THIS TOWN UNTIL JESSOP'S VISIT IS OVER!

SHORTLY...



IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, MISTER...

THE JOB IS NOT AN EASY ONE...



THE MORNING OF THE VISITING MARSHAL'S ARRIVAL...



WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW HOURS BEFORE THAT STAGE IS DUE... YOU ROUND UP THREE GOOD MEN WE CAN TRUST! I'M GOING TO CHECK THOSE HOTEL ROOMS ONCE MORE...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN ONE OF THE HOTEL ROOMS...

I TELL YOU I SAW HIM... THAT LAWYER'S DOWN THE HALL RIGHT NOW... CHECKIN' THE ROOMS!

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, WILL...

YOU TURNED IN YOUR GUN, DIDN'T YOU? JUST LIKE THEY ASKED?

SURE... AN' I SAW YOU DO THE SAME!



SO THIS WHOLE TRIP WAS FOR NOTHIN'...

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MY FRIEND... I KNOW I'D GET MARSHAL JERSON FOR SENDIN' MY BROTHER TO PRISON...



AND I'M STILL GOING TO DO IT! WITH THIS RIFLE AND TELESCOPIC SIGHT I TUCKED IN THIS BAG'S SECRET COMPARTMENT!

NO WONDER YOU WERE SO SURE!



AS FAR AS ANYONE ELSE IS CONCERNED, I'M A BOOK DRUMMER... AND I'M BREAKING YOU IN ON THE JOB!

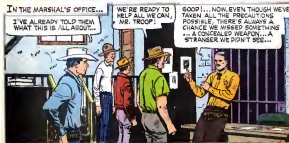


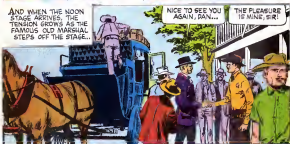
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SELLING BOOKS, EN?

THAT'S RIGHT, MARSHAL... MAYBE I CAN INTEREST YOU IN SOME NICE VOLUMES ON THE HISTORY OF LAW...







EACH OF DAN'S TEMPORARY DEPUTIES IS
ALERT FOR ANY SIGN OF TROUBLE...



AND IN THE HOTEL ROOM WHERE
THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN WAIT...



SHORTLY...

WELL, NOW...LET'S HAVE
A LOOK AT LARAMIE...
IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS
SINCE I VISITED HERE!

IT'S GROWN A
LOT SINCE THEN,
SIR...



THEY'RE WALKIN'
ON THE STREETS
NOW...

EASY NOW...WAIT
FOR A GOOD SHOT!
YOU'LL ONLY GET
ONE CHANCE!



THAT MARSHAL TROOP IS
RIGHT IN THE WAY...



JUST WAIT...WE'RE IN NO HURRY!
THEY'LL BE ON THE STREET AWHILE...



YESSIR...LOOKS
LIKE A NICE,
QUIET
PLACE!

LET'S HOPE IT
STAYS THAT WAY...



EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, DAN AND
JOHNNY SEARCH THE STREET...

IF THAT STORY OF AN
ATTEMPT ON JESSOP'S
LIFE WAS TRUE, IT
OUGHT TO HAPPEN
SOON!



EACH DEPUTY WATCHES
THE STREET CAREFULLY...



ALERT FOR ANY STRANGE
MOVEMENT...



READY TO SIGNAL A
WARNING TO DAN TROOP...



THE MINUTES TICK BY
AND FINALLY...



BUT A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE ASSASSIN
FIRES, DAN TROOP SEES A GUNT OF METAL
REFLECTING SUNLIGHT TOWARD THE STREET...



DAN FIRES, AS JOHNNY MYKAY PUSHES MARSHAL JESSOP OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE...



GET MARSHAL JESSOP INTO THE OFFICE... I'LL MEET YOU IN THE HOTEL!



AND IN THE HOTEL ROOM...

I THOUGHT I HAD HIM... I...

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW! WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT!



STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!



LET'S GO!



AS THEY MOUNT, SAN TROOP IS RIGHT BEHIND THEM...



ONE MAN IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER...



THE OTHER SPURS OUT...



BUT IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL...



AND SHORTLY... THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, MARSHAL JESSOP... IF IT HADN'T BEEN A SUNNY DAY... AND THAT RIFLE HADN'T CAUGHT THE SUN... I HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!



GOLD RUSH PICK- POCKETS



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With news of the big strike reaching far and wide, and mining machinery being brought in, Lode City was overflowing with newcomers.

Leaning lazily against the front of a newly constructed building, watching the crowds, was a slender man, flashily dressed and sporting a thin, dark mustache.

A second man, as flashily dressed and smoking an expensive cigar, stepped up to him and asked, "When did you get in town, Shad?"

Shad Malew glanced sideways at the stranger. "How'd you know my name?" he asked suspiciously.

"You were pointed out to me in Trisaco not long ago. And I was told at the time that you were the slickest pickpocket in the West. I resented that. I'm Race Hilton, and I claim that distinction myself. This town is my deal."

"Race Hilton, eh? I've heard of you, too," Shad Malew said. He smiled, tugging his waxed mustache. "If you're so good at your profession, why be afraid of competition?"

"I'm not afraid of it," Race Hilton snapped. He took a long look at his competitor, then added curdly, "Forget that I said anything. I doubt that you can give me any real competition, anyway."

"Maybe you'd like to match professional skill with me?" Malew inquired tauntingly.

After a pause, Race Hilton replied quietly, "Yes, I think I would."

So the two professional pickpockets, friendly enemies for the moment, agreed on a contest of their light-fingered art. Shad Malew would demonstrate his ability first; then Race Hilton would do the same. The one who lifted the pocketbook containing the most money was to have the field to himself; the other would leave town.

Race followed Shad through the crowds. He watched as Shad stumbled into a well-dressed, elderly man who had just stepped

off the incoming stage. The old gentleman's valise was knocked from his hand. Shad hurried to retrieve it and the man's hat, which had been knocked off, apologizing profusely the while. Then he borrowed the man's handkerchief to dust the hat, and, finished, deftly stuffed the handkerchief back into the old fellow's pocket.

As prearranged, the two pickpockets met in the Gold Dust Cafe a short time later. Shad Malew, smugly confidently, showed the wallet he had lifted. He took a card from it and read his victim's name and Philadelphia address, then he counted the \$451 in currency.

"Now," he smiled, "let's see you do better than that, Race Hilton."

"You'll see, and you won't have long to wait," declared the other.

So saying, he stood up, reached across the table which was between them, and snapped handcuffs onto the pickpocket's wrists.

"I'm not Race Hilton," he smiled. "I'm Tom Davis, sheriff of this county. Race Hilton's in my lockup now. In fact, he's expecting the information he gave me when he spotted you through his cell window to get him off with a lighter sentence."

Shad Malew leaped angrily to his feet, but the drawn Colt of Sheriff Tom Davis told him that there was no escape. He was caught—trapped by his own boastful conceit.

As the lawman holstered his six-gun, he drawled, "Yeah, Race Hilton told me a lot about you, Malew. Said you'd always been too slick to get caught with the goods on you. Said every time you were ever arrested you were turned loose for lack of evidence. With that man's wallet on you now, we won't have that trouble."

He took the crotch by the arm and continued, "Let's mosey on over to the jail, and I'll introduce you to Race Hilton. You two can argue about which one is slickest at his profession."

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Shows ahead just like the film!
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YOU'LL BEAR HIM
Delightful, happy cartoon dog.
He's a Buckle Award's Best Friend!
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Aloha! Cutie, flakey, best.
All all-time favorite.
Everyone wants to own one.
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SECRET SEAL RING
Adjusts to fit any finger.
All metal. Stamp your own secret message. All your secrets will wait the best.
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SET OF SIX LIFELIKE DOLLS
Fully dressed in authentic casual clothes.
Each 4" tall with eyes that open and close!
Only \$1.00 AND 4 COVER STRIPS



INITIALS SLAVE BRACELET
38 gold and silver with white clasp.
No one knows your name unless you show.
No one knows your name unless you show.
Only 95¢ AND 2 COVER STRIPS

TAKE YOUR PICK OF THE ITEMS SHOWN ABOVE. HERE'S HOW TO GET THEM!

Get off the top strip of each Dell Comic Cover. Be sure the strip includes the name of the comic and the new Dell Comic Seal. When you have enough comic strips for the items you want, put them in an envelope together with the required amount of money and the coupon at the right. Send them to DELL TRADING POST, P.O. BOX 24, BRIDGEVIEW, ILL. NEW YORK. Trade as often as you like for as many items as you want.

This offer expires at midnight, December 31, 1965. This offer not valid wherever offers of this kind are prohibited, restricted, limited or barred. Allow 21 days for delivery. This guarantee offer may be cancelled or modified without notice. Articles may be substituted and replacement values may be charged should it be found necessary. Any items indicated may be discontinued without notice.



DELL TRADING POST
P.O. BOX 24
BRIDGEVIEW, ILL.

Enclosed you will find \$_____ and
Dell Comic strips
Please send me the items I have
checked below:

2224207900 10 12

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
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Etc. _____

NOTE: U.S. and Canadian currency only accepted. Money orders payable to Dell Trading Post. Non-Residents of the U.S.A. send ten cents for each item. Items shipped outside the U.S.A. are subject to 50% extra postage.





THE TWO OLD PROSPECTORS ARE UNAWARE
THEY ARE ABOUT TO HAVE UNWANTED COMPANY...







LAWMAN the NEW TENANTS



MARSHAL! SOMETHIN' AINFUL MYSTERIOUS IS GOIN' ON!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HOST? YOU HAVE GHOSTS IN THAT HOTEL OF YOURS?



NOTHIN' LIKE THAT, MARSHAL! IT'S OUT TO THE OLD BROWN PLACE! THERE'S FOLKS ABOUT!

WHAT? HADN'T BEEN ANYONE THERE FOR OVER TWO YEARS!



THERE IS NOW! A MAN AND A LITTLE BOY! THE MAN TOOK A POT SHOT AT ME!

YOU SEE WHO IT WAS?



DON'T STOP AROUND TO FIND OUT! HIGH-TAILED BACK HERE! FASTER AS I COULD!

GUESS WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK, JOHNNY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S TRESPASSING!



BETTER WATCH YOURSELVES! HE BARELY MISSED ME WITH THAT SHOT!

WE'LL BE CAREFUL, NOW!

LATER, A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF LARAMIE...



HERE'S THE RENTAL
RECEIPT! YOU CAN
CHECK ON IT IN
HINTON! A REAL
ESTATE MAN
NAMED
JOHNSON!

LOOKS ALL RIGHT!
WHERE DO YOU AND
YOUR SON COME FROM,
MR....BOWMAN?



SILVER SPRING! I'M
A WIDOWER...SCOTT
AND I JUST WANTED
TO GET AWAY FOR A
LITTLE VACATION!

FUNNY KIND OF
VACATION, ISN'T IT?
BELLA IN TOWN SAID
YOU TOOK A SHOT AT
HIM WHEN HE ROSE
PAST!



WE JUST WANT
PRIVACY,
IS ALL!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
BUY IT WITH BULLETS!
I'D LIKE AN
EXPLANATION!



THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN!
JUST LEAVE US ALONE! AND DO
AS A FAVOR...JUST FORGET
WE'RE HERE! DON'T TELL
ANYONE ELSE!

KIND OF HARD TO DO
HOF SAWBANK, THE
FELLA YOU SHOT AT,
ALREADY KNOWS!



ARE YOU IN SOME
KIND OF TROUBLE,
MR. BOWMAN? CAN
WE HELP?

NO...I...THERE'S
NOTHING YOU CAN DO!
PLEASE! JUST LEAVE
US ALONE!

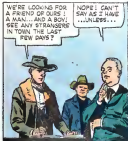


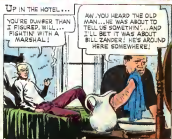
HAVE IT YOUR WAY! BUT IF YOU
SHOOT AT ANYONE ELSE, YOU'LL
BE IN REAL TROUBLE,
WITH ME!

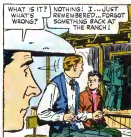
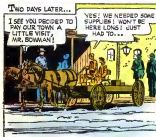
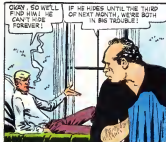
I WON'T! I
PROMISE!







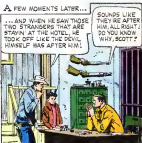






SOMETHING'S WRONG, DEPUTY! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

MR. TROOP WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO, SON!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

...AND WHEN HE SAW THOSE TWO STRANGERS THAT ARE STAYIN' AT THE HOTEL, WE TOOK OFF LIKE THE DEVIL, HIMSELF WAS AFTER HIM!

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE AFTER HIM, ALL RIGHT! DO YOU KNOW WHY, SCOTT?



NO, SIR...I SURE DON'T... BUT...

BUT WHAT, SON? COME ON! TELL US! IF YOU DON'T, WE CAN'T HELP YOUR PA!



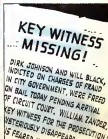
I'VE ...JUST...GOT TO TELL YOU! MY PA LIED... WE'RE FROM TWIN CITY...NOT SILVER SPRINGS...AND OUR NAME'S ZANDER...NOT WHAT HE SAID!

ZANDER! OF COURSE...WILLIAM ZANDER...THE MISSING WITNESS!



WITNESS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. TROOP?

IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS OUT-OF-TOWN PAPER I GOT YESTERDAY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



KEY WITNESS MISSING!

DIRK JOHNSON AND WILL BLACK, INDICTED ON CHARGES OF FRAUD IN CITY GOVERNMENT, WERE FREED ON BAIL TODAY PENDING ARRIVAL OF CIRCUIT COURT. WILLIAM ZANDER, KEY WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION, VIOLENTLY DISAPPEARED. HIS FEAR...





A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY, MARSHAL!

THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO BOTHER YOU ANY MORE, MR. ZANDER! THERE'LL BE A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER AGAINST THEM, TO ADD TO THE FRAUD!



I'M SORRY I DIDN'T CONFIDE IN YOU EARLIER, MARSHAL... BUT I WAS WORRIED ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO SCOTT!

I UNDERSTAND!



BUT NOW YOU CAN GO BACK AND TESTIFY... AND PUT THESE MEN IN PRISON WHERE THEY BELONG!

BELIEVE ME, IT WILL BE A REAL PLEASURE!



SOON, IN TOWN...

PA! PA! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

YOUNG MAN! COME BACK HERE! THE MARSHAL ASKED ME TO WATCH OVER YOU!



WE THANK YOU, MA'AM... BUT NO ONE ELSE IS GOING TO LOOK AFTER MY SON EVER AGAIN!

OH, PA! PA...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT YOU'LL GET A REFUND FROM THAT REAL ESTATE MAN, MR. ZANDER, BUT I GUESS UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU REALLY DON'T CARE!



LAWMAN

THE THING A LAWMAN IS EXPECTED TO DO! I'D HAVE TO HAVE THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON TO CARRY OUT THIS WILL OF JES STEVENS!



THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

NOW, HOW CAN I
DIVIDE SEVENTEEN
COWS IN HALF?

My son Bill was
killed over a
year ago. I
own 17 cows. I
want you to
divide them
after one month.
Let's split 'em
up.



YOU'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING,
MARSHAL!

I JUST HAVE! THE WILL
SAYS: MY ESTATE SHALL BE
CONSIDERED TO CONSIST OF
WHATEVER COWS ARE ON MY
LAND WHEN THE DIVVING-UP
TIME COMES!



CAN I BORROW ONE OF
YOUR COWS FOR THE
AFTERNOON, AMOS?

I DON'T GET IT,
MARSHAL, BUT
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO THE LOAN!



LET'S DIVIDE THESE EIGHTEEN COWS LIKE YOUR FATHER
ASKED, BOYS! BILL, YOUR HALF AMOUNTS TO NINE! TOM,
YOUR THIRD WILL GIVE YOU SIX! JOE, YOU GET TWO!



YOU SURE
DIVIDED
SEVENTEEN
COWS IN HALF,
MARSHAL!

NOW LET'S
RETURN THE
ONE I
BORROWED!



WIN A "DIAMOND HUNTING" TRIP

and a

\$500 BOND!



Exciting News!

Enter this new Contest—easy fun for you, Dad, Mom! Complete the sentence, "A Daisy B-B Gun is the best first learning gun because..." in 25 words or less. If you win the Grand Prize you get: a trip to-day for real diamonds, a \$500 U. S. Savings Bond, a \$2,500 value diamond ring for Mom; a \$1,000 value Heddon's tackle outfit and fishing trip for Dad! All this—plus a free trip for Mom and Dad to go with you to Center of Diamonds, Murfreesboro, Arkansas!! Contest starts May 1, ends Aug. 1, 1968. Remember, Parents can help you win! Get Rules, Entry Blank now at Hardware, Sports or Department Stores.

PLUS A \$2,500
DIAMOND RING
...for MOM!



Plus A \$1,000 Value
FISHIN' TRIP and
A HEDDON'S TACKLE SET..for DAD!



75 B-B GUNS GIVEN!

If you don't win the Grand Prize listed above, you can still win one of these 75 Daisy B-B Gun Prizes: 15 Target Specials, 15 Pump Guns, 15 Ricochet Sound Rifles, 15 Anniversary Gun Sets, 15 B-B Six Guns! Tell Dad and Mom they can help you win. Mail coupon!

Enter

DAISY'S 75th DIAMOND BIRTHDAY CONTEST



Model 35
Pump Gun
\$9.95

Send for Free Contest
Folder with
**ENTRY
BLANK**



DAISY

B GUNS and B-B SHOT

OTHER DAISY
FROM \$5.95

DAISY GIVES
YOU MORE B-B'S
FOR YOUR MONEY

...ASK DAD...HE HAD ONE!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. A-431, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. A-431, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

Send Contest Entry Book, Rules, Daisy B-B Gun Catalog.

Name _____

St. & No. _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Age on May 1: _____ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

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